

stays pacified. Don't have to repeat the dose on him at least. Whole nations are pacified in the same way. We used to have lots of trouble with our Indians. White rascals would purposely exasperate them beyond endurance, steal their lands, rob them of their herds, their horses, their government allowance, and when they were at last goaded beyond measure and betrayed into open hostility, the soldiers went among them to the limit. Whole tribes have thus been pacified out of existence. We shouldn't mention war any more to ears polite. Call it by its civilized name. Pacification means making peace. Now the Bible says: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." So according to this new tag which civilization has tied on to the tail of war, the killer, the bloody butcher, the intrepid warrior, the swaggering general, the man who carries fire and sword thru the earth, is the peacemaker, the blessed man, the child of God. Why not, if his mission is that of the pacifier? To accomplish his sublime object he has to use effectual persuasion, and we don't know anything half so persuasive to a belligerent peace-breaker as a modern rifle, a machine gun, a patent bullet sprinkler. They furnish the most unanswerable arguments. We have come at last to the end of wars. They are not wars at all; they are "pacifications." So the leopard has changed his spots, the Ethiopian his skin, black is white, a lie is the truth, and our twentieth century civilization jumps at once into the millennium with a full set of claws and teeth.

The Home

Alone With Mother

Philadelphia Ledger.

Do we not all remember with pleasure the days when "the others" were out, or we perhaps not perfectly well, and mother had us in her drawing-room or work room, or took us for a little walk alone?

Not that we did not love to romp and play with noisy brothers and sisters, not that we did not appreciate to the full the picnics and other family expeditions which took place from time to time, but there was enjoyment of a very different, deeper sort in those quiet times with mother, the remembrance of which has lasted half a life-time.

There is a very real danger that the mother of a large family may never fully come to know her children and gain that influence over them for good individually which it is so desirable that every mother should have. We do not hesitate to say that it is absolutely impossible for a woman to become the confident and friend of her children unless she weekly—nay, daily—spends some short time alone with each one. Only in this way can each child feel the security of his or her ownership of that precious mother. The stern realities of life permit only short seasons of recreation, and it is only by planning judiciously the arrangement of time and divi-

sions of labor that a busy mother can insure to each child his rightful portion of her company.

For Love's Sake

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day;
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care.

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story
Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table,
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joinings—
Ah, the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft when ready to murmur
That life is flitting away
With the self-same round of duties
Filling each busy day,
It comes to my spirit sweetly
With the grace of a thought divine:
"You are living, toiling, for love's sake,
And the loving should never repine."

"You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way they ought to walk;
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk;
Living your life for love's sake
Till the homely cares grow sweet,
And sacred the self-denial
That is laid at the Master's feet."

—Margaret E. Sangster.

His Mother's Sermon

Dr. David Gregg.

There is no finer piece of writing in Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," which has seen scores of editions, than that chapter which is called "His Mother's Sermon." The young minister had just been commissioned to preach. He was to preach his first sermon in the old kirk, where he had been baptized. He had been set apart by his mother during his infancy to the work of the ministry. In preparing his sermon he used all the gems of thought he had gathered during his seminary course. It was brilliant. It was an amazement to himself. He had to pray to be kept humble. He had to pray that he might not be called at once to the foremost pulpit in the land. It was a review of modern thought. In it were trenchant criticisms of old-fashioned thought. It had historical parallels in it. It was learned. It was away above the audience of plain people to which he was about to preach. It was a masterpiece.

On the very night before the Sabbath, a change came over the spirit of his dreams; and he took the sermon, and threw it into the red fire, and watched it shrivel up and disappear. Then he fell upon his knees, and asked God for a plain message for a plain

people. God heard his prayer, and gave him a message. It was just such a message as the good people needed. It was a message about the Nazarene. It was the voice of Jesus himself saying, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." It held the people in a holy spell. It caught them up into the third heaven. The women were weeping; the men were subdued and softened; they were all praying.

What was it changed the young man's mind? What was it told him to throw the learned sermon into the fire? It was the prompting influence of the young man's mother. Before she went to heaven, and on her last night on earth, she called her son to her bedside, and gave this charge: "If God calls ye to the ministry, ye'll no refuse; and the first day ye preach in yir ain kirk speak a gude work for Jesus Christ, an' I'll hear ye that day, tho ye'll no' see me, and I'll be satisfied." When the night before the Sabbath came, her face came before him, and her words sounded anew in his ears. It was this that substituted the Christ sermon for the sermon of self-glorification. The sermon he preached was his mother's sermon; and this it told.

How Do You Treat Your Sister?

Selected.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a boy to be polite to some other fellow's sister. Then why is it that some of them find it so hard to remember to be equally courteous to their sisters? Many a boy is rude to his sister without really realizing it; in other words, he forgets to be polite. Then again, he is afraid of being bubbled "a sissy" if he should be caught paying some attention to his sister. It is a bad habit for anyone to get into—that of saving one's polite ways for outsiders.

If she asks you a question, don't answer her in a rude or careless manner, as if you thought she did not know what she was talking about, and wasn't worth listening to.

Don't tease her, or make fun of her in any way to hurt her feelings. You wouldn't do that to some other girl.

You can just bank all you have on the boy who is kind and thoughtful to his own, for you may be sure he will develop into the right sort of a man, and is bound to win the respect and admiration of every one.

The Invisible Children

Christian Work.

Oh, it is not when your children are with you; it is not when you see and hear them that they are most to you. It is when the sad assemblage is gone; it is when the daisies have resumed their growing again in the place where the little form was laid; it is when you have carried your children out, and said farewell, and come home again, and day and night are full of sweet memories; it is when summer and winter are full of touches and suggestions of them; it is when you can not look up toward God without thinking of them, nor look down toward yourself, and not